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PICTURES IN BLACK.



THE GOOD-NATURED DONKEY.

It did not seem very cheerful to Mr. Gastein in the market; so he went away to find something which he could see and enjoy. Alas! just outside he met a boy on a donkey, which was also shoved along by another bare-headed boy.

They both had great cudgels, and were shouting at the top of their voice. The tears rolled down Mr. Gastein's cheeks as he thought how the patient donkey would be bruised and battered by those cruel boys.

"Hey, there; g'up, g'up!" said the boy on donkey back. "Push him, Dick. Here we go: we'll race with any wheelbarrow on the road; g'up donkey, or I'll pull your ears. Whack!" and his stick came down. And this was what the donkey thought:—

"What fun! how warm that stick feels. I wonder how it would do to throw my heels up. No, I'll wait till Dick is out of the way, for

NOT to be unmindful of the claims of the little folk we have made up a few pages for their especial benefit. Our space will, merely permit the briefest possible introduction, if they wish a more intimate acquaintance, they can obtain the books themselves at any bookstore, or can order them by mail direct from the publishers. Although we did our best to make a good selection for our particular friends, and we hope that includes all the children of every family where *THE ALDINE* is taken, we must confess that we felt something of the feeling of the child on the sea-shore with an armful of shells, and, oh! *such* beauties all around! We could not help wishing that we had room for the whole lot. However, here are the titles:

"Black Peter," by Paul Konewka, with rhymes from the German.
 "Pictures in Black." The same. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.



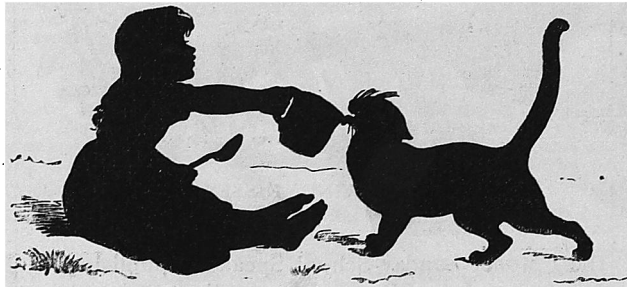
THE FAT GOOSE.

"THERE'S a goose for you!" says the old woman. "Six pounds! (Kitty, my dear, don't touch its feet). Impossible! Is it corn-fed? (Jack, don't pull my dress so). If you will call it five pounds, now"—

"Dear, dear, the old woman will not be able to sell her goose, and the goat has been eating out of her basket and nobody will buy her greens."



CHILDREN, come here! Black Peter has come:
 Pretty pictures for you he'll cut out:
 He can't spell very well or do a hard sum,
 But this he knows all about.



THE CHILD AND KITTEN.

A LITTLE maid is seated here,
 A maiden fair to see;
 And now she calls,—*"Come, kitty dear,
 Come here and sit with me."*

"See my milk; one little drop
 I'll give to you;—yes, two!
 Into my lap you may hop—
 You're not afraid, are you?"

"There! that was a good long drink
 You took;—no, there's nothing in the cup.
 If I had something to eat, do you think,
 Little pussy, you'd eat it all up?"

"I heard the cook say that the mice;
 Were running all over the house;
 Run quick, little puss, and bring back a slice
 Of a fat, tender, sleek little mouse."

"Don't eat mousie whole, I pray,—
 That cat is sick that does it;
 But bring his little tail away,
 And put it in your closet."

"Now would not that be nice
 When I came to dine with you?
 I should not care for mice,
 But we'd drink milk,—we two."

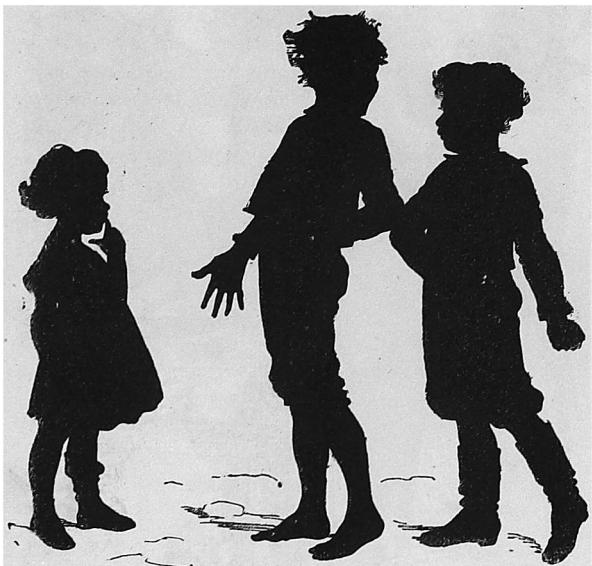


WHEN the girl had left, Mr. Gastein took off his looking-glass spectacles and saw a dreadful sight. A young girl who had been out reaping was coming home with her gleanings in a bundle, which she carried on her head and steadied with her hand, which also carried a sickle. She had a basket on her arm, and two goats were with her. One of them was frisking in front, and the other was jumping up behind trying to get at the wheat. "Poor thing!" said Mr. Gastein. "That goat will tumble upon her and she will fall, and her sickle will cut off her hand, and her gleanings will be ate by the two goats." But what did the little girl say? She was singing:

"Nanny, my nanny, my pretty white kid,
 What do you think in my basket is hid?
 Berries for Baby, and cowslips for Cora,
 Clover for Bunny, and daisies for Dora."



MORRIS was telling, as I came by,
 Of a sum that was hard to do;
 He had nearly finished—a pity thought I—
 But I stopped and heard him quite through.



SEE what Peter has cut out:
 A picture of Frederick and Paul,
 And Gretchen they quarreled about,—
 But Gretchen did not like it at all.



WITH her gaiters buttoned high,
 She feels, I'm sure, quite grand,
 When Fritz the neighbor's son comes by.
 With Lottie hold of his hand.
 "I've got some shoes with little bits
 Of buttons," says Lisie to Fritz.